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# ZEPHERIA

*REPRINTED FROM THE ORIGINAL EDITION OF*

1594

PRINTED FOR THE SPENSER SOCIETY

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1869



PRINTED BY CHARLES S. SIMMS,  
MANCHESTER.



## *INTRODUCTION.*

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**I**T was about the middle of the sixteenth century, during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, that many of our countrymen began to make frequent journies to Italy, affected Italian manners and habits, and caused Italian literature to become exceedingly popular and greatly imitated. Among other portions of their poetry which had been introduced into England by Wyat and Lord Surrey, and had now become familiar to our writers, was the Sonnet (Petrarch of course being the model, though not long followed), a form of composition which, although attended with difficulties, was readily adopted, easily imitated, and became very common. It is quite remarkable indeed, how fashionable and general this practice of writing sonnets to the fair sex had become during the period when Petrarch might be styled lord of the ascendant in English literature, from about 1589 to 1596. Many of these sonnets were floating about in manuscript for some time among their contemporaries before they found their way into print; and

besides the more important volumes of well-known writers such as Daniel's *Delia*, Drayton's *Idea*, Watfon's *Passionate Centurie*, Sidney's *Astrophel and Stella*, Spenfer's *Amoretti*, Shakespeare's *Venus and Adonis*, and others which might be mentioned, at least a dozen others of less-known fame, all appearing between 1590 and 1596, might be found. Of these we may enumerate Percy's *Sonnets to the fairest Cælia* 1594, Constable's *Diana* 1594, Griffin's *Fideffa* 1596, Watfon's *Tears of Fancie* 1593, Smith's *Chloris* 1596, Barnfield's *Cynthia* 1594, Barnes's *Divine Centurie* 1593, &c.; besides other examples of a similar kind which may be found scattered among the works of our numerous poets of that period, some of them possessing great merit, such as those of Breton, Gascoigne, Lodge, Sir Walter Raleigh and others.

A disquisition on the nature and composition of the Sonnet would form a wide and difficult subject, and it is greatly to be regretted that so competent a critic as Warton did not live long enough to complete the plan he had marked out to himself in his *History of English Poetry*, of treating of the different branches of poesy in its several divisions into Satire, Sonnet, Pastoral, and Miscellaneous, having not entirely completed the first before his death. Otherwise we should not only have been treated and gratified with an eloquent and tasteful discussion on the Sonnet, but most probably with a

few remarks on the present little work. As it is, the reader must be content with the slight observations we are able to offer respecting the sonnets of *Zepheria*.

The Sonnet, under any form and circumstance, is attended with some difficulty. The narrow and confined nature of its structure, the peculiarity of its composition, its limited yet highly cultivated and polished range, all tend to increase its complexity. But it was also attended with another difficulty, for although it might be very possible in the heat of the moment or the fire of passion, for a lover to strike off two or three passionate Sonnets in praise of his mistress, it was a far more arduous task to extend these effusions in praise of his divinity through a whole volume, which necessitated her being compared with all sorts of imaginary beings, classical or otherwise. And when if a lover complimented his mistress he described her, not in the simple and artless language of nature and feeling, but in the artificial and laboured imagery of a shepherdes, or the classical strains of mythology. Allowance must be made for these hyperboles, and for the prevailing fashion of the age, in studying the poetry of the majority of these sonnet writers. A learned and judicious critic has well remarked: "It is perhaps hardly fair to read a number of these compositions in succession. Every sonnet has its own unity, and is not, it may be pleaded, to be charged with

tediousness or monotony because the same structure of verse, or even the same general sentiment, may recur in an equally independent production." It certainly becomes rather irksome to read through an entire collection of these amatory compositions without anything to break the monotony, or vary the continued metaphors and classical and mythological allusions, which pall on the mind of the reader by their familiarity and endless repetitions.

The author of *Zepheria*, whoever he was, appears to have been a warm admirer of Daniel, whose *Sonnets to Delia* had been twice printed in 1592, 4to; with him he couples Sir Philip Sidney, whose *Ashtrophel and Stella* had been surreptitiously put forth by Thomas Nash in 1591, 4to. He was also a great admirer of Drayton, whose sonnets in *Idcas Mirrour*, although not published until 1594, the same year in which *Zepheria* was printed, the writer of the latter might have seen in manuscript, as Drayton acknowledges that they had been written some time before they were published. Mr. Collier intimates that he was an imitator of Drayton, and "uses some of his favourite words, talking of 'Amours,' and of 'divine Idca,' and seems to aim at rather a rustic dialect." He speaks also of his having "no ear for music, and being full of conceited allusions." But we fear that in the latter respect he but followed the prevalent taste of the sonnet

writers of his age, and that even those who are considered the best models and chiefs of that style of writing, Daniel, Constable, Sidney, and Watson, nay even Spenser himself, cannot be acquitted or considered exempt from conceit.

We do not seek to deny that there exist certain faults of this kind in the present little performance, which are however still more apparent in the sonnets of some of the author's contemporaries, and may therefore be considered rather as the defects of the school than of the individual writer. And we think Mr. Collier, in his descriptive notice of *Zephyria* in his *Bibliographical Catalogue*, vol. ii. p. 554, has been rather too severe on the author's want of ear and imperfect rhymes, as many of his verses run smoothly and easily, and his epithets and similes are often appropriate and well chosen.

That this was not the only work of the author of *Zephyria* may be gathered from the tenth Canzon, in which the author speaks of his "comick poesies;" and in Canzon 11 he mentions a "pastorall Ode" which he had sent to his lady love :

How wert thou pleased with my pastorall Ode  
(Which late I sent thee) wherein I thy Swayne  
In rurall tune on pipe did chaunt abroad  
Thee for the loueliest lass that trac'd the playne ?

He may also have written other productions which from

their anonymous character have not attained the coveted meed of immortality.

Only two or three copies at the most are known to exist of this work, one of which is in the Bodleian Library. But some years ago, in 1843, Mr. Utterton at his own expense caused a few copies to be reprinted at his private press at Beldornie in the Isle of Wight. Unfortunately they were not printed from the original book, but from a careless and incorrect transcript, so that there exist several mistakes in it. There is a slight notice of *Zepheria* by the late Mr. Markland in *Cens. Liter.*, vol. ii. p. 63; and in Fry's *Bibl. Mem.*, p. 180; and a much longer and more critical one by Mr. Collier in his *Bibliog. Cat.*, vol. ii. p. 554, to which allusion has been already made. But it has the usual defect (the great drawback to his valuable work) of not stating where the copy was situated from which he took his description. *Zepheria* is also thus noticed in a scarce and very curious work called *Polimanteia* 1595, 4to: "Then should not *Zepheria*, *Cephalus* and *Procris* (workes I dispraise not) like watermē plucke euery passinger by the fleecue." In this passage it is joined to a work by Anthony Chute, who wrote another very rare poem called *Beawtie Dishonored*, written under the title of *Shores Wife* 1593, 4to, of which only two copies exist. Of Chute's *Cephalus* and *Procris*, although licensed to John Wolfe in the same year

(1593) in the Register of the Stationers' Company, no copy is now known. The meaning appears to be that the two poems required some exertions to bring them into public notice.

A copy of *Zepheria* was disposed of at Mr. Heber's sale, pt. iv. No. 3044, for 4*l.* 1*s.*; and again at Sir Francis Freeling's sale, No. 3196, for 4*l.* 5*s.*, and is the one from which the present reprint has been made for the SPENSER SOCIETY. Another copy was sold at Sir Mark M. Sykes's sale, pt. iii. No. 1125, for 12*l.* 12*s.*, which he had purchased at Messrs. Leigh & Sotheby's auction, April 29th 1815, for 17*l.* These two and the one noticed by Mr. Collier are the only copies that appear to be known.

An argument has been raised, and very ingeniously supported, in favour of our great dramatic bard being originally in the profession of the law from the technical terms which he occasionally employs in his plays. However that may be, the evidence tending to a similar conclusion appears much stronger in the case of the author of *Zepheria*, and the combination of Petrarch and Littleton which the sonnets exhibit leaves little doubt that the writer was a student at one of the Inns of Court, addicting himself more to the penning of poetry in celebration of his mistress's charms than to the learned quibbles of the law; or, as old Anthony Wood phrases it, "He studied the common law, but other things more: his fancy being gay, he troubled

not himself with the crabbed studies of logic and philosophy, but his geny led him in the pleasant paths of poetry, and where he chose rather to follow his academical study of poesy, than the municipal law of England."

A conjecture has been started, based partly upon a verse in one of Churchyard's poems, that it is just possible *Zepheria* might have been an early production of Barnabe Barnes, a sonnet writer of that period, who was a student of Brasenose College, Oxford, and became afterwards a member of the Temple, and who published a volume of poems in 1595, 4to, entitled *A Divine Centurie of Spirituall Sonnets*, and other works. Churchyard's verse runs as follows :

One Barnes that Petrarks scholler is  
May march with them in ranke  
A learned Templars name I wis  
Whose pen deserues great thanke.

Barnes's sonnets are of a solemn and religious cast, and we are unable to trace any resemblance in style to those in *Zepheria*. We have never seen another work of his, containing sonnets, madrigals, &c., called *Parthenophil and Parthenope* 1593, 4to, a very rare work of which only one copy is known, and therefore cannot judge whether there is any greater resemblance in this : but we feel quite sure that Nash, the



implacable opponent of Harvey who was a friend of Barnes, from whom the latter received some very severe treatment in his *Haue with you to Saffron Walden* 1596, 4to, would not have omitted to mention this little work of *Zcpheria* among his notices of Barnes's other poems, if he had known it to be a publication of his. For these and other reasons, the conjecture that it was written by Barnabe Barnes must, we think, be altogether abandoned. But little minutiae like these, and the circumstance of the writer of these sonnets being probably in the profession of the law, may assist hereafter in identifying the name and personal history of our author. At all events, with these few observations, called forth by an examination of the work itself, it is now committed into the hands of the members of the SPENSER SOCIETY in the hope that it will add another link to the chain of their lucubrations, and in the full conviction that it comes legitimately and properly within the scope and object of their useful and interesting Society, to which every one fond of literary pursuits must with most ample, well-deserved, and long-continued success.

T. C.





# ZEPHERIA.



*Mysus & Hæmonia iuuenis qui cuspide vulnus  
senferat, hac ipsa cuspide sensit opem,*

AT LONDON

Printed by the Widdowe *Orwin*, for *N. L.* and  
*John Busbie.* 1 5 9 4.

Curteous Gentlemen, I pray you thus to correct these fautes escaped. *Canzon* 6. line 8. for, of exacting, reade to exacting. *Can.* 8. l. 1. r. christallite, & l. 9. r. Seftyan. *Can.* 11. l. 6. for pen, r. pipe. *Can.* 13. li. 14. for stil r. shrill. *Can.* 14. li. 3. for diuore'd r. perfore'd, & li. 6. r. fouenance. *Can.* 15. li. 4. for were r. was. *Can.* 22. li. 7. for though r. although. [In this reprint the corrections are made.]



Alli veri figlioli delle Muse.

**Y**E moderne Lawreates famousd for your writ,  
VWho for your pregnancy may in Delos dwell,  
On your sweete lines eternitie doth sit.  
Their browes enobling with applause and lawrell.  
Triumph and honor ay inuest your writ,  
Ye fett your pens from wing of singing swanne,  
VWhen sweetely warbling to her selfe she flotes  
Adowne Meander streames, and like to Organ  
Imparts into her quils melodious notes.

Ye from the father of delicious phrases,  
Borrow such hymns as make your mistresse liue  
VWhen time is dead, nay Hermes tunes the praises,  
VWhich ye in sonnets to your mistresse giue.

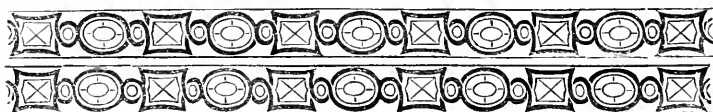
Report throughout our western Ffle doth ring,  
The sweete tun'd accents of your Delian sonnetrie,  
VWhich to Apollos violine ye sing,  
Oh then your high straines drowne his melodie.

From forth dead sleepe of euerlasting darke,  
Fame with her trumps shrill summon hath awakt  
The Romayne Naso and the Tuskan Petrarch,  
Your spirit-rauishing lines to wonder at.

Oh

*Oh theame befitting high mus'd Astrophil,  
He to your siluerie songs lent sweetest touch,  
Your songs the immortall spirit of your quill,  
Oh pardon, for my artlesse pen to much  
Doth dimme your glories through his infant skill.*

*Though may I not with you the spoyles deuide  
(Ye sacred of-spring of Mnemosyne)  
Of endlesse praise which haue your pens atchiu'd,  
(Your pens the trumps to immortallitie)  
Yet be it leyfull that like maymes I bide  
Like brunts and skarres in your lones warfare,  
And here though in my home-spun verse of them declare.*



*Canzon.* I.

**L**Vld in an heauenly Charme of pleasing passions,  
Many their well thewd rhimes doe fayre attemper  
Vnto their amours, while another fashions

Loue to his lines, and he on fame doth venter.  
And some againe in mercenary writ

Belch forth desire, making reward their Mistresse:  
And though it chaunce some *Lais* Patron it,  
At least they sell her prayfes to the preffe.

The Mufes Nurfe I reade is *Euphemie*,  
And who but honor makes his lines reward,

Comes not by my consent within my petigree,  
 'Mongst true borne sonnes enherit may no bastard.

All in the humble accent of my Muse,  
Whose wing may not aspire the pitch of fame,

My grieues I here vntoombe, fweete them perufe.  
Though low he flye, yet honor is his game,

All while my pen quefts on *Zepherias* name,  
Whom when it fprung thy wing did thee relecue,  
Now flowne to marke, thus doth desire thee retreue.

B

Though

*Canzon. 2.*

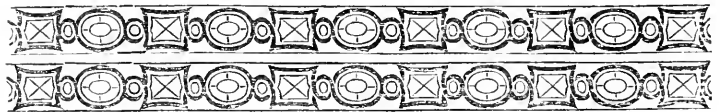
Though be thou limn'd in these discoloured lines,  
Delicious model of my spirits portraict,  
Though be thou fable pencild, these defeygues  
Shadow not beautie but a forrowes extract.

When I emprif'd though in my loues affections,  
The filuer lustre of thy brow to vnmaske  
Though hath my Muse hyberboliz'd traiections:  
Yet stands it aye deficient to such taske.

My flubbring pencil casts too grosse a matter,  
Thy beauties pure deuinitie to blaze:  
For when my smoothed tongue hath sought to flatter,  
Thy worth hath deartht his words for thy due praise:

Then though my pencil glaunce here on thine eyes,  
Sweet thinke thy fayre it doth but portionize.

When





*Canzon. 3.*

When from the towre whence I deriue loues heauen  
Mine eyes (quick Purseuants) the sight attached,  
Of thee all splendent I as out of fweauen,  
My selfe gan rowse, like one from sleepe awaked.

Coueting eyes control'd my slowly gate,  
And wood desire to wing my feete for flight:  
Yet vnresolu'd, feare did with eyes debate,  
And sayd, t'was but tralucence of the light:

But when approacht where thou thy stand didst take,  
At gaze I stood like Deere when gasts he spyes  
Some white in thicke, ah then the arrow strake  
Thorough mine heart sent from thy tiller eyes:

Dead in thine ayme, thou seazd what long'd to thee,  
Mine heart, (*Zepheria*) then became thy fee.

B 2

Oh



*Canzon.* 4.

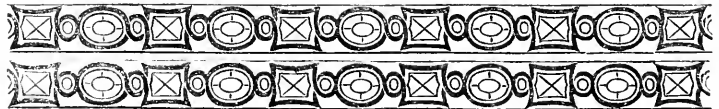
Oh then Desire, father of iouifance,  
The life of loue, the death of dastard feare,  
The kindest Nurfe to true perfeuerance,  
Mine heart enherited with thy lous reuere.

Beautie peculiar parent of conceite,  
Prosperous Midwife to a trauelling Muse,  
The fweete of life *Nepenthe* eyes receite,  
Thee into me distild oh fweete infuse.

Loue then the spirit of a generous sprite,  
An infant euer drawing Natures brest,  
The summe of life that *Chaos* did vnnight  
Dismist mine heart from me with thee to rest.

And now incites me cry double or quit,  
Giue back my heart, or take his body to it.

Anon



*Canzon.* 5.

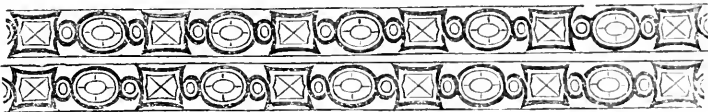
Anon Feare, Centinell of fad difcretion,  
Strangling Repentance in his cradle age,  
Cares Vñher, Tenant to his owne opprefion,  
Forft my thoughts queft vpon an idle rage.

Enraged pafion, skout to loue vntrue,  
Commenting gloses on each fmile and frowne,  
Chriftning the Heauens, and *Erebus* anew,  
Intollerable yoke to loue and reafon.

Footftoole to all affects, Beauties fowre handmayd,  
The harts hermophrodite pafsiue in action:  
Hope now ferenes his brow, anon difmayd,  
A pleasing death, a life in pleafd diftraction.

Thou on thy mother Feare begot Defpayre,  
To whom my fate conuayes me fonne and heyre.

B 3                      My



*Canzon. 6.*

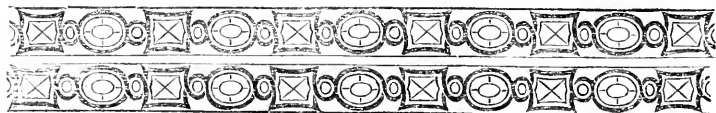
My fate, oh not my fault hath me debar'd  
From forth thy fauors funny Sanctuary,  
Vnto the deare applause of thy regard,  
Witnesse the world how I my gift did marry.

My teares, my sighs, all haue I fumm'd in thee:  
Conceyt the totall, doe not partialize,  
And then accept of their infinitie,  
As part of payment to exacting eyes.

And yet thy trophey to enoble more,  
My heart prepares anew to Thezaurize  
Sighs and loue options like as it fent of yore,  
Saue number they, faith only these englories:

Yet though I thus enwealthy thy exchequer,  
Seeme it not strange, I liue *Zepherias* debter.

More



*Canzon. 7.*

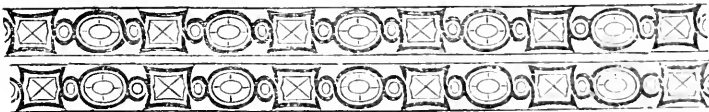
More fayre, but yet more cruell I thee deeme,  
(Though by how much the more thou beautilous art,  
So much of pitie shouldst thou more esteeme)  
Fayrer then *Phæbe*, yet a harder hart.

Her when *Actæon* viewd with priuie eye,  
She doom'd him but a death, (a death he ow'd)  
While he purfu'd before his dogs did flye:  
Here was the worst of ill (good Queene) she show'd:

But when a start mine eye had thee espyed,  
(Though at discouert) yet stand I sentenced,  
Not to one death to which I would haue hyed:  
For since vnarmed and to eye vnfenced,

Thy *Phæbe* fayrer parts were mine eyes prospectiue  
(Oh grieve) vnto my selfe disgrac'd I liue.

Illu-



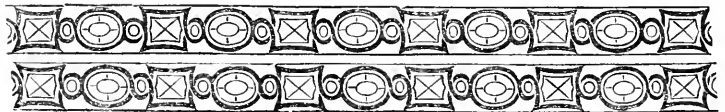
*Canzon. 8.*

Illuminating Lamps, ye Orbs chriftallite  
Tranfparant mirrolds, globes deuining beautie,  
How haue I ioyd to wanton in your light?  
(Though was I flayne by your artillerie.)

Ye blithfome ftarres, (like *Ledas* louely twins,  
When cleare they twinckle in the firmament,  
Promife eſperance to the Sea-mens wandrings)  
So haue your ſhine made ripe mine hearts content:

Or as the light which Seſtyan *Hero* ſhow'd,  
Arme-finnd *Leander* to direct in waues,  
When through the raging *Helleſpont* he row'd,  
Steering to Loues port: ſo by thine eyes cleere rayes  
Bleft were my wayes: but ſince no light was found,  
Thy poore *Leander* in the deepe is drownd.

When



*Canzon. 9.*

When as the golden Waggoner had frayd  
Black winters outrage with his brighter shine,  
And that in mansion of the twins he stayd  
His teeme, then gan my heart to twin with thine.

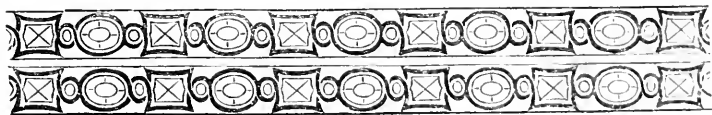
Euen when his gorgeous mantell he had spred,  
Wherewith he wip't wept teares from *Tellus* bosome,  
Wantoning here with her, leaues *Thetis* bed,  
Like daintie Midwife *Flora* to vnwoombe

Sweet babes of *Tellus* and *Hiperion*.

When ye full foom'd in winters mew doon mooting,  
Oh then the feedes of loue by thine eyes fown (ting.  
Downe through mine eyes within mine heart took roo-  
This difference left twixt me, and natures store,  
Her spring returnes, my flowre may spred no more.

C

How



*Canzon.* 10.

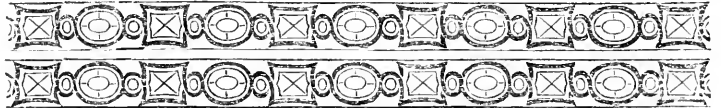
How made I then attempt in courtly fashon  
To gayne the virgin conquest of thy loue?  
How did my sighs decypher inward passion  
When they to kind regard thy heart did moue?

When thou voutfafft to grace the euening ayre,  
How haue I layne in ambush to betray thee?  
Our eyes haue skirmisht : but my tongue would pray  
To ioyne thy pitie partner with thy fayre. (thee

Since that, how often haue they sent wept Elegies  
To beg remorse at thy obdurat hart?  
How often hath my muse in Comick poesies  
(To feed thy humor) playd a Comick part?

But now the pastime of my pen is silenced,  
To act in Tragick wayne alone is licenced.

How





*Canzon.* 11.

How wert thou pleased with my pastorall Ode,  
(Which late I fent thee) wherein I thy Swayne  
In rurall tune on pipe did chaunt abroad  
Thee for the louelieft laffe that trac'd the playne?

There on thy head I *Floras* chaplet placed,  
There did my pipe proclayme thee Sommers Queene:  
Each heard-groome with that honor held thee graced,  
When lawnie white did checker with thy greene.

There did I bargayne all my Kids to thee,  
My spotted Lambkins choyfest of my fold,  
So thou would fit and keepe thy flock by me:  
So much I ioy'd thy beautie to behold.

How many Cantons then fent I to thee?  
Who though on two strings only rayf'd their strayne,  
To wit my griefe, and thy vnmatched beautie:  
Yet well their harmonic couth please thy vayne,  
Well couth they please thee, & thou terme thẽ wittie:  
But now as fortunes change, so change my dittie.



*Canzon.* 12.

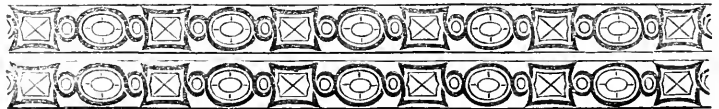
How often haue mine eyes, thine eyes apprentife,  
(Bound by the earnest of a funny looke)  
Tane a iudiciall view of all thy graces?  
Which here are registred in lasting booke.

How oft haue I thy precious cheyne bin fingring,  
That ninefold circles thy delicious neck,  
While they the orb-like spheares of heauen resembling,  
Thy face the globe which men clepe Empereick?

How oft with wanton touches haue I preft  
Those breasts, more soft then siluer downe of Swans,  
When they by *Alcidelian* Springs doe rest,  
Of which pure substance are thy lillie hands?

But now, though eyes ne see, nor armes embrace thee,  
Who yet shall let in thought me chiefe to place thee?

Proud



*Canzon.* 13.

Proud in thy loue, how many haue I cited  
(Impartiall) thee to view? whose eyes haue lausht  
Sweet beautious obiects oft haue men delighted:  
But thou aboue delight their sense hast rauisht.

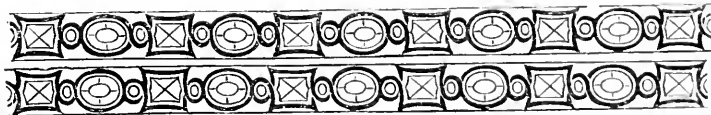
They amorous artists thee pronounc'd loues Queene,  
And vnto thy supremacie did sweare,  
*Venus* at *Paphos* keepe, no more be seene,  
Now *Cupid* after thee his shafts shall beare.

How haue I spent my spirit of inuention,  
In penning amorous Stanza's to thy beautie?  
But heauenly graces may not brooke dimension,  
No more may thine, for infinite they be.

But now in harsh tune I of amours sing,  
My pipe for them growes hoarse, but shrill to playning.

C 3

How



*Canzon.* 14.

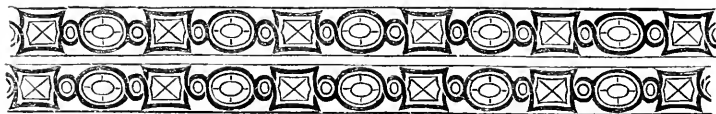
Though like an exile from thine eyes diuorc'd,  
In folitarie dungeon of refuse  
I liue (impatient that I liue perforc'd)  
From thee deare object of mine eyes a recluse:

Yet that deuine *Idæa* of thy grace,  
The life-immagerie of thy loues sweet founance  
Within mine heart shall raigne in foueraigne place:  
Nay shall it euer pourtray other semblance?

No neuer shall that face so fayre depaynted  
Within the loue-limn'd tablet of mine hart  
Emblemisht be, defaced or vnfaynted,  
Till death shall blot it with his pencill dart:

Yet then in these limn'd lines enobled more,  
Thou shalt furuiue richer accomplisht then before.

Neare



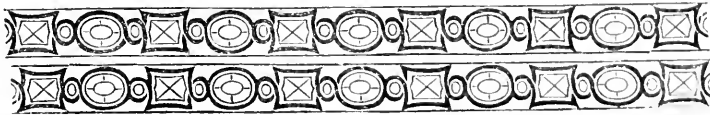
*Canzon.* 15.

Neare were the filuerie wings of my desire  
Taynted with thought of black impuritie :  
The modest blush that did my cheekes attire  
Was to thy virgin feares statute securitie.

When to a fauours sweete promotion  
My ioyleffe thoughts thou hast aduanced hier,  
Oh then sighs sacrifice of my loues deuotion,  
I sent repurified in holy fier.

My feares how oft haue I engeminated?  
Oh black recite of passed miserie!  
Thy heart for to entender they haue intimated  
(Besides what thou hast seene) what I haue suffred for  
But see, since eyes were aliens to thy beautie, (thee:  
I sing mine owne faith, and neglect loues dutie.

How



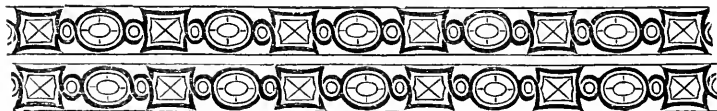
*Canzon.* 16.

How haue I forfeited thy kind regard?  
That thy difdaine should thus enage my brow,  
Which whilome was the scripture and the card  
Whereon thou made thy game and feal'd thy vow.

Which whilome thou with lawrell vaticall  
Enobled haft, (high signall of renowne)  
Marrying my voyce with thine haft fayd withall,  
Be thou alone, alonely thou *Amphion*.

Oh how hath black night welked vp this day?  
My wafted hopes why are they turn'd to graze?  
In pastures of despayre, *Zepheria* fay,  
Wherein haue I on loue committed trespasse?

Oh if in iustice thou must needes acquit me, (pitie.  
Reward me with thy loue, sweete heale me with thy  
How



*Canzon.* 17.

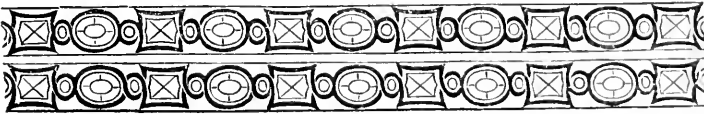
How shall I deck my loue in loues habiliment,  
And her embellish in a right depaint?  
Sith now is left nor Rose, nor *Hyacint*,  
Each one their beauties with their hue acquaint.

The golden feeling of thy browes rich frame  
Designes the proud pomp of thy faces architure:  
Chrystall transparant casements to the fame  
Are thine eyes funne, which doe the world depure,

Whose siluerie canopie gold wier fringes:  
Thy brow the bowling place for *Cupids* eye,  
Loues true-loue knots, and lilly-lozenges  
Thy cheekes depaynten in an immortall dye.

If well thou limn'd art now by face immagerie,  
Iudge how by life I then should pencill thee.

D *Exacter*



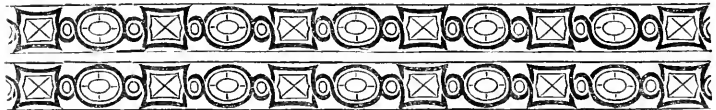
*Canzon.* 18.

*Exacter* should it fortune I should pencill thee,  
What glorie may attend though on my skill?  
Euen such as him befals, whose pen doth coppie  
The sweet inuention of anothers quill.

My muse yet neuer iournied to the Inds  
Thy fayre to purple in *Alchermeyan* dye,  
All on the weake spred of his eyeff wings  
Sufficeth that thou mount, though not so hye:

Yet should it hap, that in a kind voutsafe  
The feature of my pen some grace do win,  
Thereof *Zepheria* all the honor hath,  
The copying Scribe may clayme no right therein:  
But if more nice wits censure my lines crooked,  
Thus I excuse, I writ my light remoued.

No





*Canzon.* 19.

No no *Zepheria*, fame is too rich a prize  
My all vnmeriting lines for to attend on  
The best applause of my muse, on thine eyes  
Depends, it craues but smiles his paynes to guerdon,

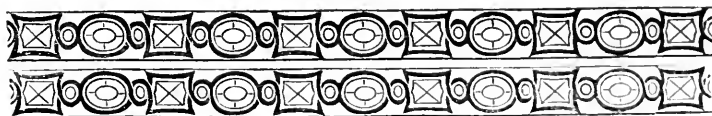
Be thine the glorie of this weake emprise,  
Well wote I his demerit is but bare:  
Dutious respect then will not that I portionize  
To me in loues respect equall like care.

Louely respectiue equall thou this care,      (radize:  
And with thine heauens calme smiles my heart impa-  
Shine forth thy comforts funne, my feares dismayner,  
Oh well it fits louers to simpathize.

Hold thou the fpoyles of fame for thine enheritance,  
Thy loue to me is sweetest cheuifance.

D 2

How



*Canzon. 20.*

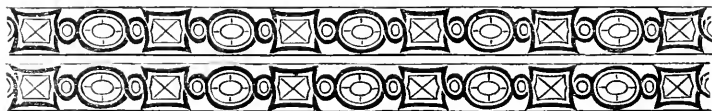
How often hath my pen mine hearts folicitour  
Instructed thee in breuiat of my case?  
While fancie pleading eyes (thy beauties visitour)  
Haue patternd to my quill an angels face.

How haue my Sonnets (faithfull counsellors)  
Thee without ceasing mou'd for day of hearing?  
While they my plaintiue cause (my faiths reuealers)  
Thy long delay, my patience in thine care-ring.

How haue I stood at barre of thine owne conscience?  
When in requesting court my suite I brought.  
How haue thy long adiournments flow'd the sentence,  
Which I through much expence of teares befought?

Through many difficulties haue I run,  
Ah fooner wert thou lost (I wis) then wonne.

And



*Canzon.* 21.

And is it by immutable decree  
(Immutable, yet cruell ordenance)  
Ordayn'd (still forst I cry oh strange impietie)  
On true-loue to impose such tyrant penance?

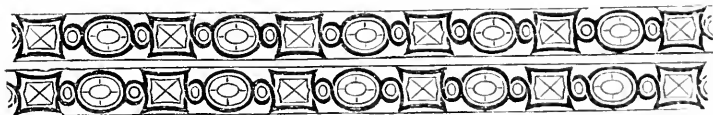
That we vnto each other shall surrender  
The seal'd indentures of our loue compacted,  
And that thereof we make such loyall tender,  
As best shall seeme to them that so enacted.

Then list while I aduertise once againe,  
Though we yeeld vp our charters so enfeal'd:  
Yet see that thou safe-guard my counterpane,  
And I in heart shall keepe thy bond vncanceled:

And so hereafter (if at least you please)  
'Weele plead this redeliuerie was by duresse.

D 3

It



*Canzon. 22.*

It was not long agoe since like a wanton  
Froward displeas'd with that it loues (I wis)  
(Improuid) I did write to thee a Canton,  
Wherein I seem'd to turne loue out of seruice.

Well sayd I herein that I did but seeme it,  
(Loth to depart) he still retayn'd to me:  
(Although displeas'd) yet each one well might deeme  
He was my seruant while he wore my liuerie.

Pensiuely grieu'd with that, that I had done,  
I writ a Sonnet, which by fillable  
Eate vp the former, and withall crau'd pardon,  
Vowing a large amends as time should able.

But who beyond his power vowes, he offends,  
Presumptuous as thou art to name amends.

Thy



*Canzon. 23.*

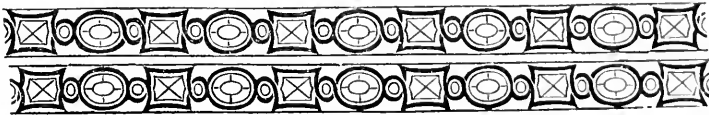
Thy corall coloured lips how should I pourtray  
Vnto the vnmatchable patterne of their sweet?  
A draught of bleffedneffe I stole away  
From them when laft I kift, I taft it yet:  
So did that fugrie touch my lips en-fucket:

On them *Mineruas* hunny birds doe hiue  
Mellifluous words when fo thou please to frame  
Thy fpeech to entertainment, thence I deriue  
My hearts fole paradize and my lips fweet game.

Ye are the corall gates of temples *Clarion*,  
Whereout the *Pithyus* preacht Diuinitie,  
Vnto thy voyce bequeath'd the good *Arion*  
His filuerie lire, fuch *Pæan* melodie

Thy voyce the organ pipe of Angels quire  
Trebles, yet one kiffe and Ile raife them hier.

Vnto



*Canzon. 24.*

Vnto the Mufes I refigne my skroule,  
Who fing with voyce vnto the fpheares proportionable  
Sing ye, oh write ye of my loues pure foule,  
Vnbody it, in words inimitable.  
In high fpheare then fee ye her name inrold,  
On her heart throne fits the deuine *Astræa*,  
Who doth the ballance of her fauours hold,  
Which ſhe imparts in iuſtice and demerit:  
For virgin puritie white *Galatæa*  
Doth type the ſanctitie of her purer ſpirit,  
She the fourth grace hight *Paſithæa*  
Only recorded by our firſt borne ſonne,  
Whom after long ſleepe we ſhall now vntoombe,  
And her tranſlate into *Zepheria*,  
Amidſt the *Charites* poſſeſſe thy roome,  
*Thia* in heart, zealous *Vrania*,  
The foules Muſition ſweete *Thelxione*,  
Daughter of loue and admiration.  
A vayle immortall ſhall we put on thee,  
And on thy head inſtarre the gnoſian Crowne:  
*Ariadne* doth her ſelfe vndeifie,  
Yeelding her coronall to thine inſtallation.  
Now liue in ſtarry ſtage of heauen a deitie,  
And ſing we *Io Zepheria* all in a rowne:  
Hold take thy ſkroule with wing of immortallitie,  
Thy loue is clad, nay ought may her vnſanctifie  
But proud diſdaine; thanks ſweet *Caliope*.

*Canzon. 25.*

Let not disdayne thy foule vnfanctifie,  
Disdayne the pasport of a louers vow,  
Vnsieging where it seekes to fortifie  
With deadly frownes the canons of the brow.

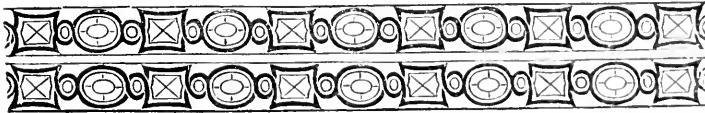
Let not disdayne the herse of virgin graces,  
The counterpoyson to vnchastitie,  
The leauen that doth sowre the sweetest faces,  
Stayne thy new purchast immortalitie.

'Mongst *Delian* Nymphs in Angels vniuersitie  
Thou my *Zepheria* liu'st matriculated,  
The daughters of ethereall Ioue thy deitie  
On holy hill haue aye perpetuated.

Oh then retire thy browes artillerie,  
Loue more, and more blisse yet shall honor thee.

E

When



*Canzon. 26.*

When we in kind embracements had agre'd  
To keepe a royall banquet on our lips,  
How foone haue we another feast decreed?  
And how at parting haue we mourn'd by fits?

Eftfoones in abſence haue we wayld much more,  
Till thoſe voyd houres of intermiſſion  
Were ſpent, that we might reuell as before,  
How haue we bribed time for expedition?

And when remitted to our former loue-playes,  
How haue we (ouerweening in delight)  
Accuſ'd the father Sexten of the dayes?  
That then with Eagles wings he tooke his flight.

But now (old man) flye on, as fwift as thought,  
Sith eyes from loue and hope from heart is wrought.

Neare





*Canzon. 27.*

Neare from a loftie pitch, hath made more speed  
The feather-fayling Faulcon to the lure,  
Nor fayrer stoopt, when he on fist would feede,  
Then I (*Zepheria*) to thine eyes allure.

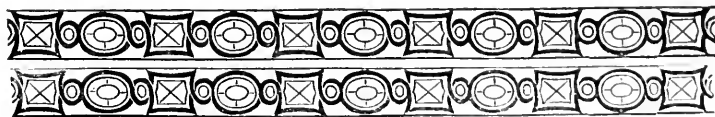
Neare from the deepe, when winds declare a tempest,  
Pofts with more hafte the little *Halcion*,  
Nor faster hyes him to fome fafer reft,  
Then I haue fled from thy death-threatning frown.

Nere did the Sunnes loue-mate, the gold *Hetropion*  
Smile more reflendent luftre on her deere,  
Nay euer was his fhine to her more welcome  
Then thine to me, when fmiling was thy cheere.

But now my funne it fits thou take thy fet,  
And vayle thy face with frownes as with a frontlet.

E 2

When



*Canzon. 28.*

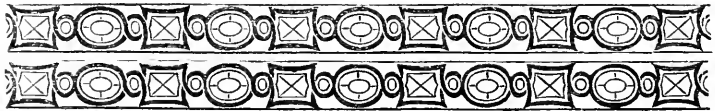
When cleere hath bin thy brow & free from wrinckle,  
(Thy fsmoothed brow my foules fole Hyrarchy)  
When fweetly hath appear'd in cheeke the dimple  
Their loue enthron'd fwayes powrefull Monarchy)

Glad, haue I then rich ftatues to his deitie  
Erected, then haue I his altar hallowed,  
His rites I held with hie folemnitie,  
His trophey deckt, and it with rofebuds ftrowed.

I kift thy cheeke, then thou with gold artillerie  
Haft him engyrt, taffeld with purple twine  
Featly contriu'd to hang his quier by,  
Befides a crimfon fcarfe to vayne his eyne:

But fee, no fooner was he gay apparelled  
But that (falfe boy) away from vs he fled.

How



*Canzon. 29.*

How many golden dayes haue I fet free  
From tedious trauell in a fadder muse?  
While I of amours haue conferrd with thee,  
While I long absence neuer need excuse.

Sweet was occasion, and for sweet inexplicable  
That eyes inuited guests vnto thine eyes fare,  
When by thy daintie leaue on Corall table  
I fed, oh there I suckt celestiall ayre.

Amidst these fugrie iunkets thirstie I  
Haue thy delicious hand with my lips preft,  
I drew for wine, but found twas Ambrosie,  
Oh how my fpirits inly that refresht:

Yet aye me since I relisht this delight,  
I care more thirsted with a hotter appetite.

E 3

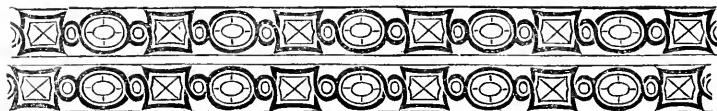
What



*Canson.* 30.

What shall I neare more see those *Halcion* dayes,  
Those funny Sabbathos, dayes of *Jubilee*?  
Wherein I carold merrie Roundelayes,  
Odes, and loue-fongs, which being viewd by thee,  
Receau'd allowance worthie better writ.  
When we on Shepherds holy-dayes haue hyed  
Downe to the flowrie pastures; flowres for thy treading  
Holy the day when thou it sanctified, (fit,  
When thou (*Zepheria*) wouldst but dayne to bleffe it.  
How haue I (iealous ouer *Phæbus* rayes)  
Clouded thy fayre? then fearing he would geffe it  
By thy white brow, it haue I cinct with bayes:  
But woe is me, that I haue fenst thy beautie,  
Sith other must enioy it, and not I.

Yet



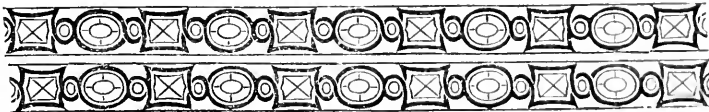
*Canzon.* 31.

Yet none shall equall me in my demerit,  
Though happier (may it fortune) he may court it:  
Nor shall more faithfull loue his suite enherit,  
Ne paynt like passion, though he shew more wit.

Admit he write, my quill hath done as much:  
Admit he figh, that haue I done and more:  
Admit he weepe, these eyes haue wept euen such  
Their teares as heartie, and in greater store:

Yet neerer may he presse, and sweare he dyes,  
*Foue* (thinks he) smiles at louers iurament:  
Proue him, then shalt thou finde he falsely lyes:  
Many so threaten death, that nil experiment;  
Repulst, then will he sue to doe thee seruice:  
Sayd not I well now, that he falsely lyes?

Nature



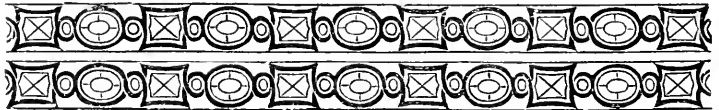
*Canzon.* 32.

Nature (I finde) doth once a yeare hold market  
A gawdie fayre of Brooches and of Babies,  
And bounteously to all doth she impart it,  
Yet chiefly to true louers, and fayre Ladies.

There may you see her dappart Com'naltie  
Clad some in purple, some in scarlet dye,  
Whiles she (rich Queene) in all her royaltie  
Commands them fpreed their chaffer to the eye.

The buyer payes no impost nor no fees,  
But rather to inuite with wealthier pleasure,  
She booths her faire with fhade of broad-brancht trees,  
Wherin (good Queene) hir care doth match hir treasure  
With wealth of more coft Nature doth thee beautifie,  
Saue careles she hath left no shelter gaynst thine eye.

Hether



*Canzon.* 33.

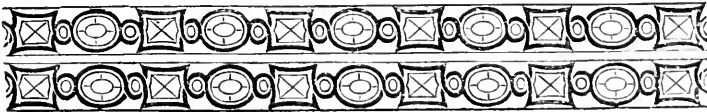
Hether chaft *Phæbes* Nymphs flockt in proceſſion,  
Whofe beauties attraſtiue all eyes fo exerciſ'd  
With maz'd admire, that for ſome late tranſgreſſion  
Men ween'd heauens angels were vnparadiz'd.

Such Saints heauens paradize containes but few,  
Their roſeat beauties Natures wealth diſtaynd,  
Compar'd their luſtre, checkt her verdant hew,  
They euen her pureſt quinteſſence engraynd.

*Anemone* there ſtood with *Daffadilly*,  
The purple *Hyacinth* and the Musk-roſe,  
Red *Amaranthus* and the milk-bred Lilly,  
I came in queſt, yet would I none of thoſe:  
Vnto *Hyperions* Bride my choyce I knit,  
There in her goldie leaues my loue is writ.

F

Since



*Canzon.* 34.

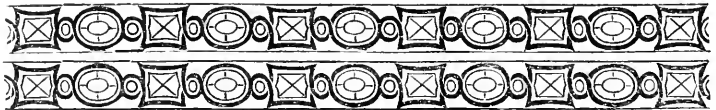
Since from the full feed of thy fauors leafe,  
My thoughts (oh times accurfed memorie)  
Were forft (fuch shift alas did ill them please)  
To crop on fedge fowre and vnfauorie:

Since from their fweet refresh all pined, they  
Haue fpent a luftre in fad widdowhood,  
Since when forrow to them hath feru'd in pay  
Outlawes to hope, immur'd from euery good:

Since from thy brow the pompous gallerie,  
Wherein were ftoriz'd to mine eye fweet obiefts,  
Embroydred all with rare immagerie,  
Whofe Iuorie floore enameld azure frets

Mine eye, oh woe the while hath bin fequestred,  
My heart his griefe therefore in face hath regiftred.

Since





*Canzon.* 35.

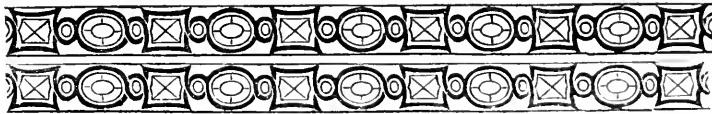
Since from the flowred sweetes of euery bleffednesse  
Which from thy beauties delicate peruse  
Inceffantly doth flow, mine heart like Ancresse  
'I cloystred liues to fad and cheerelesse muse.

If any smiling ioy fortune to fawne on me,  
Suggesting to my spirit sweet content,  
Anon I article with his felicitie,  
And ere my heart voutsafes him entertaynment,

I him depose on these Intergatories.  
First, if he came from my *Zepheria*,  
Then if he may to light restore mine eyes  
Which long haue dwelt in darke: if then he say  
Nay, but thy thoughts to vnbend from of her beauties  
I come, eftsoones I strangle him while in his infancie,  
Better slay him then he doe thee to dye.

F 2

But



*Canzon.* 36.

But if with error and vniust suspect  
Thou shalt the burden of my griuance aggrauate,  
Laying vnto my charge thy loues neglect,  
A lode which patience cannot tolerate:

First to be *Atlas* to mine owne desire,  
Then to depresse me with vnkind construction,  
While to mine owne grieues may I scarce respire:  
This is to heape *Offa* on *Pelion*.

Oh would the reach yet of vnequall censure  
Might here but date his partialitie:  
Mistrust, who neare is ripe till worst be thought on,  
Hath my crime rackt, yet to more hye extensure,

And now 'tis drawne to flat Apostacie:  
So straight beset, best I lay hold on pardon.  
Why then sith better i't a penitentiarie  
To faue then to expose to shames confusion:

Thy face being vayld, this pennance I award,  
Clad in white sheet thou stand in Paules Churchyard.  
When

*Canzon. 37.*

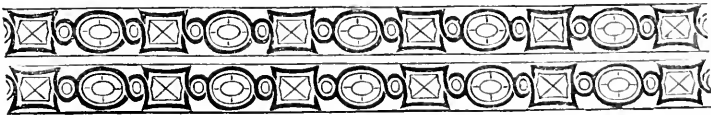
When laſt mine eyes diſlodged from thy beautie,  
Though ſeru'd with proces of a parents writ,  
A Superfedeaſ countermanding dutie  
Euen then I ſaw vpon thy ſmiles to fit.

Thoſe ſmiles which me inuited to a partie,  
Diſperpling clowdes of faint reſpecting feare  
Agaynſt the ſummons which was ſeru'd on me,  
A larger priuiledge of diſpence did beare.

Thine eyes edict the ſtatute of repeale  
Doth other duties wholly abrogate,  
Saue ſuch as thee endeere in heartie zeale:  
Then be it farre from me that I ſhould derogate  
From natures law enregiſtred in thee:  
So might my loue incur a premunire.

F 3

From



*Canzon.* 38.

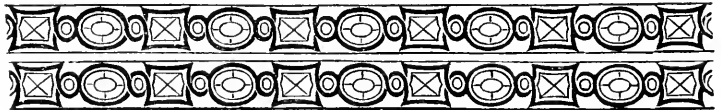
From the reuenuew of thine eyes exchequer,  
My faith his subsidie did neare detract,  
Though in thy fauours booke I rest thy debter,  
Yet 'mongst accomptants who their faith haue crackt,

My name thou findest not irrotulat:  
I list not stand indebted to infame;  
Fowle them befall who pay in counterfaite;  
Be they recogniz'd in black booke of shame.

But if the rent which wont was of assise  
Thou shalt enhaunce, through pride and coy disdayne,  
Exacting double tribute to thine eyes,  
And yet encrochest on my hearts demayne:

Needes must I wish, though gaynst my foyaltie,  
That thou vnceptred be of natures royaltie.

And



*Canzon.* 39.

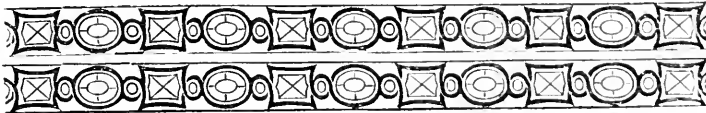
And now thou wing'd Embassador of wonder,  
Liberall dispenfer of reproachfull act,  
Who neuer whisperst, but in voyce of thunder,  
Explor'ft what fecresie would fayne haue darkt.

Tell my *Zepheria*, sith thou nil be silenced,  
My hopes on her calme smiles did them embarke,  
Whose funny shine seem'd to haue licenced  
From them all feare of tempest or of wracke.

Now on the shelve of her browes proud disdayne,  
A harbor where they looked for azile,  
The Pilot who fore now did expert rayne,  
His barke, in seas are all ydrencht, alack the while.

Tell if at least she all through feare excordiat,  
Command thee not to peace ere thou exordiat.

But



*Canzon.* 40.

But if she shall attend what fortunes sequeld  
The naufrage of my poore afflicted barke,  
Then tell, but tell in words vnfillabled,  
In sighs vntuned accents moue her to harke

Vnto the tenor of thy sadder proceffe:  
Say then his teares (his hearts intelligencers)  
Did intimate the grieues did him possesse,  
Crying, *Zepheria* vnto thee these messengers

I fend, oh these my loues my faith shall witnesse:  
Oh these shall record loues and faith vnfayned,  
Looke how my soule bathes in their innocencie,  
Whose dying confidence him designs vnstayned  
Of guiltie blush note of impuritie,  
Oh death high way to life, when loue's disdayned.

This fayd, if cruell she no grace voutsafe,  
Dead, may her graues stone be her Epitaph.

*Tropo sperar inganna.*

*F I N I S.*

# The Spenser Society.

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## COUNCIL.

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## REPORT OF THE COUNCIL

FOR THE TWO YEARS ENDING JUNE, 1869.

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### INTRODUCTORY.

IN presenting their first Report to the Members the Council desire to refer to the plan of operations sketched out in the original Prospectus, which was issued at the time when this undertaking was launched.

It was therein stated that the intention was to reprint the rarer poetical literature of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries: and in order to enhance the value of and give greater completeness to the Society's publications, it was decided to include the prose writings of the more remarkable authors.

Reference was also made in the Prospectus to the fact that the operations of the Early English Text Society having been mainly confined to reprinting the literature of the thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, an useful object would be served by the Council's devoting themselves to a revival of the works of the two succeeding centuries (sixteenth and seventeenth), a period richly adorned by the contributions of genius. This labour becomes the more interesting and important, inasmuch as many of the poetical works of this later period have become as rare as those of the earlier date.

It is therefore hoped that this attempt to re-produce in their original text the best of the poetical literature of this middle period, will not only prove attractive to its admirers, but will supply a want in affording ready access to many works of rare excellence or striking interest, — hitherto beyond the reach of private libraries, either by reason of their scarcity or their very great cost. It has been the wish of the originators of this Society, not merely to produce reprints of such works, but to give them as nearly as possible the character of facsimiles, and to enable the reader to have them before him, not in that modern dress which Charles Lamb so emphatically denounced, but in the typographical attire of their day. It has also been their desire that the list of Members should not be larger than was required to carry on in an effective manner the objects of the Society. In conformity with these views the number of copies of each work is limited to two hundred. It may interest the Subscribers to know that already the value of the Publications of the SPENSER SOCIETY has become greatly enhanced; a tendency which, as the beauty and perfectness of the work become more widely known, must, with a limited issue, go on increasing as time advances.

#### WORKS ISSUED.

In discharge of the responsible duty imposed upon them, the Council have earnestly desired to adhere as nearly as possible to the plan set forth in the Prospectus. Again: their aim has been to present to the Members reprints of only such works as shall prove to be worthy examples of the period from which they have been selected. Lastly:



scrupulous care has been taken that the paper, type, and general execution of the work shall be not only most satisfactory in themselves, but in a manner characteristic of the times during which the several authors flourished.

The SPENSER SOCIETY was established in the year 1867, and in November of that year issued its first publication in a reprint of *The Poems and Epigrams of John Heywood*.

John Heywood being of a social festive turn, was styled "Merrie John Heywood;" and, as he had also a ready wit, and a rich vein of humour and farcasm, he became, from the possession of these qualities, a favourite at the court of Henry VIII. His popularity extended even to the next reign;—the stern Mary often condescending to laugh at his facetious fallies. He was best known as an epigrammatist, in which style of composition he wrote no less than six hundred pieces. It may be said that the works of John Heywood present the earliest collection of Proverbs and Epigrams in the English language; and are all the more interesting as being examples of the form in which this quaint style of literature was originally cast.

The second issue of the Society, *The Workes of Iohn Taylor the Water-Poet*, is an undertaking of much greater magnitude.

The Council claim for this Society the distinction of being the first to produce a reprint of the Folio containing the earlier Works of John Taylor. They venture also to give it as their opinion that the faultless manner in which this re-production has so far been carried out, will constitute an era in the history of Re-printing Societies. Whether with regard to the beauty of the type, the vigour of the illustrations, or the thoroughness of the entire production, it is probable that so faithful and perfect a facsimile of an old author was never before presented. The reader is irresistibly carried back to the period, and may well imagine himself in possession of a veritable original copy of "The Workes of Iohn Taylor. Collected by the Author and newly imprinted. 1630."

In presenting so important a work to the Members, a few words concerning the author himself seem called for.

John Taylor was what Southey calls one of our "uneducated poets." Perhaps it would be more correct to say "self-educated." But whatever his education might be, he was a master of good homely idiomatic English, and his language may be said to represent the speech of the middle classes of his time. He was universally popular, and had access to a wide range of society, a circumstance which gives a special value and interest to his writings. The nature of his occupation brought him in daily contact with great varieties of character, both "gentle and simple." Besides this, his talents attracted the notice of the nobility and other important personages of his day;—King Charles I. himself being one of his patrons. These opportunities were not lost on a man of acute observation: and it is thus found that his writings are peculiarly illustrative of the manners and feelings of his own time. Indeed it may be said that few, if any, works of that day so vividly reflect the characteristics of the earlier part of the seventeenth century.

Though he wrote much and enjoyed liberal patronage, our "Water-Poet" had often to bewail the freaks of the "fickle jade" Fortune. Whether justly or not, he seems to have attributed his poverty to his rhyming propensities; for in one of his poems, referring to the Muses, he writes:

They gave to me a draught of *Helicon*,  
Which proud to me a blessing and a curse,  
To fill my pate with verse, and empty my purse.

We are indebted to Taylor's love of adventure for some of his most striking compositions. His account of a ramble he performed on foot from London to Edinburgh is in his most racy manner, and appears among the present collection under the title of "The Pennyles Pilgrimage, or the Money-lesse Perambulation of John Taylor." His mode of progress during his walking tour he describes in true waterman's phrase:

My legges I made my Oares, and rowd by land.

It may be gathered how his fame had spread and in what esteem he was

held from the fact that during this ramble of some weeks he had not a penny in his pocket, his amusing talents being accounted as payment for food and lodging wherever he went.

Taylor's powers as a satirist are well exhibited in a tract on Ships that "have the art to fayle by land," &c., such as "Court-Ship, Friend-Ship, Fellow-Ship," &c. Nothing can be more racy than his description of one of these ships, viz: "Surety-Ship." His language quite recalls the mistaken confidence which in our own day has shipwrecked so many. Speaking of this dangerous craft, "Surety-Ship," he facetiously says: "She is so easy to be boarded that a man need not use a boat to come to her, — only a dash with a pen, &c. &c. She is painted on the outside with vows and promises; her ropes and cables are conditions and obligations; her anchors, leaves forfeited; her lead and line are mortgages; her small shot are arrests and actions," &c.

But Taylor could soar to no mean poetical flights. His poem, "Vrania," is an example of serious writing so well sustained, that it shows clearly that he might have been successful in sacred poetry had he devoted himself to it. By the feeling apparent in this tract let him be judged, not by the occasional coarsenesses which occur in his writings, and which are merely characteristic of the age. As an entertaining and pleasant writer he is unsurpassed amongst the English authors of his century.

The last issue, which closes the second year of the Society's publications, is a reprint of *Zephoria*, a collection of Sonnets, published in 1594, of which very few copies exist. This volume — the authorship of which is unknown — connects itself distinctly with Spenser's period, and will fitly take its place among the Society's productions.

The Council are bound to return their thanks to the Rev. T. CORSER, for allowing the use of his copy of this very rare tract for the purpose of the reprint, and for undertaking the editorial duties connected with it. It affords them no slight pleasure to know, that notwithstanding his serious indisposition, they have been enabled to obtain the services of so accomplished a bibliographer in one of their first issues; and they cannot but express a sincere wish that he may long

continue to be able to take an interest in those pursuits in which he has justly acquired so distinguished a name.

Concerning the coming year, the Council have selected Watfon's ΕΚΑΤΟΜΠΑΘΙΑ or *Passionate Centurie of Loue* as the opening publication. Watfon takes rank among the poets of the higher class of his own period; sweetness and tenderness being the chief characteristics of his numbers. Speaking of this writer George Stevens says: "Many of Watfon's sonnets are superior to those of Shakespeare." This selection cannot fail to prove worthy of a position among the Society's reprints.

John Taylor, the "Water-Poet," is one of the more important authors whose works the Council desire to present in a complete form to their Subscribers. Beyond the folio already re-produced, there are many compositions of this author written after the year 1630. But having never been collected, it is no easy matter to obtain copies. Care is also needful to make sure that anonymous compositions attributed to "the Water-Poet," of which there is a long list, are really his. It is the intention however of the Council to collect as far as possible the remaining writings of Taylor, and produce as closely as can be accomplished, facsimiles of them not inferior to that of the folio edition. The Council are happy to announce that they have already had some obliging offers of assistance as regards the loan of several of the Tracts required. They still however venture to solicit more, as the number of pieces is considerable, of which all may be said to be rare and some unique.

It is hoped also that the manner in which the Council have so far discharged their promises and obligations to their Subscribers may be regarded as an earnest for the future;—that whatever other works may be selected for re-production will be, in literary interest and in faithful revival, not inferior to the standard already attained.

The Council cannot close their Report without some reference to the Society's publishers, Messrs. CHARLES SIMMS & Co., to whom has been intrusted the responsible task of producing the reprints. There can

be no doubt that the high reputation which the publications of the SPENSER SOCIETY have so far attained, has been materially aided by the faithful and artistic manner in which the whole printing work has been executed.

The subscription list continues to be well kept up ; but as unavoidable vacancies occur occasionally from death and other causes, should any Member desire to introduce a friend to the privilege of membership, early intimation of the same to the Honorary Secretary is desirable.

JOHN A. BREMNER,

*Hon. Sec.*

*The Treasurer in a/c with the SPENSER SOCIETY for the Two Years ending June 30, 1869.*

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			<hr/> £343 4 2
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*Examined 28th August, 1869.*

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